J. S. MENDENHALL

Martin Hocker,



BOZEMAN'S

SHOE MAN

Carries the largest stock of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, etc., of any firm in Eastern Montana.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

Custom Work and Repairing

Prices are lower than my lowest competitor.

Give me a call. Large brick building, Main street, near bridge.

W. M. ALWARD,

Druggist and Apothecary,

-DEALER IN-

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Lamps and Fixtures Bar Fixtures, Cigars, and everything in a First-Class

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully compounded at all hours of the Day and Night

Langhorne's Old Stand

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Clothing! Clothing!

BOOTS AND SHOES.

D. B. Smith & Co., invite the attention of the readers of this paper to their stock of Gents' Furfound in the market. They make a specialty Nest door to A. Lainme & Co's.

FRUITS! FRUITS!

Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Pears

GRAPES, &c.

PENDLETON'S FRUIT STORE

Main street, opposite John Worth's.

The Flag in the Snow

iame, and in peril a rock, in death, untamed in despair, se the bed and famine the fare, it as a shield, come calm or com

-By Fred Woodrow.

HE LOVED THAT WOMAN. A man and a woman were standing near the elevated railroad as it ap-proaches Harlem. At that place it is almost double the usual height, owing to the lowness of the land near the

river.

The woman was looking about her with fearful gaze, as if she were afraid every person who came near might address them; but, in truth, very few persons walked over the uneven gravelly ground in that direction, for the main road was not there, and the hour was near one o'clock of a night in May, when the bleakest of east winds was moaning and whistling among chimneys and telegraph wires.

While the woman glanced anxiously around, the man did not take his eyes from her face; they burned in the semi-

while the woman around, the man did not take his eyes from her face; they burned in the semi-darkness, and throbbed with the intensity of his gaze.

He was somewhat undersized and very slender; but he had an indescribable air about him, as if he were possessed of great agility; even as he stood there he looked strong and sup-

stood there he looked strong and supple.

'Oh, do go! I am in torture while you stay!' exclaimed the woman.

She had seized his arm with a sort of clutch, and, while she held him, she was yet pushing him away.

He smiled slightly. He bent towards her and kissed her passionately.

'One moment more with you is worth all that can happen to me," he said softly, gazing into the face he loved.

'But this lingering may cost you everything," she expostulated.

He bent still nearer her.

'Dearest, do you love me?" he whispered. "Let me once more hear the words, and then I will go."

For answer she impetuously flung her arms about his neck, and murmured softly, close to his face:

'Ah yes, I love you.—I love you."

While the last words were yet on the air, her face changed to a look of terror. She drew back a little, but still kept her arms about his neck, while her dilated eyes were fixed on the figures of two men in policeman's clothes who were coming stealthily along among the pillars of the railroad.

She did not need to speak. In the

and sand. Not a single misstep did he make.
But at the end of a few rods another policeman suddenly rose from behind a pile of stones and barred his way.
The fugitive did not hesitate. He swung round and ran directly back towards the ratiroad, along which a train was now glittering and thundering.
The woman stood motionless where he had left her, her two hands pressed tightly over her heart.
It seemed at first as if the man were now running into the arms of the officers. Even the woman who was breathlessly watching him, and who knew well his cunning and his presence of mind, thought that he had forgotten that he was pursued in that direction also.

farther apart. They each had pistols; and, although the woman did not take her eyes from the man she loved, she yet saw the gaslight flicker on the bar-

rels of the weapons, and it seemed to her as if she already felt the bullets in her heart. And she could do absolutely nothing to help him.

While yet she was wondering why the fugitive had turned back, he suddenly threw himself upon one of the large pillars which support the elevated road, and, almost with as much ease as a monkey might have climbed, he ascended the smooth iron post, "shoving" himself up with amazing celerity.

celerity.

Perhaps it was nothing for a daring trapeze performer todo, yet it surprised greatly the people who saw it done.

With terror controlling her, the woman ran underneath the place where he was just climbing on to the road.

"The trains, Tom—the trains!" she called out shrilly.

called out shrilly.

For answer she saw him turn his face an instant towards where she stood, and wave his hand; then he was out of sight up among that network of planks and iron and tracks.

out of sight up among that hetwork of planks and iron and tracks.

He felt the whole structure shake beneath him from the pressure of a train. Whether that train was coming or going he could not tell.

He stood panting, his clear brain for an instant somewhat bewildered by the physical exhaustion from his race and his climbing.

He stood as he had done many a time in the circus after some feat of prodigious skill and strength.

But now there was no applauding crowd; now there was no applauding crowd; now there was no the preserve his life.

the struggle to escape—to preserve his life.

Which way was the train coming? He was on the right-hand side going up towards Harlem.

He looked back at the city which lay behind himself—a mass of confusing and gleaming lights.

Yes, there was a train turning a curve in the road, and coming from New York. He must go to the other side of the track.

He glanced down between the planks as he hurriedly stepped across.

Why should his head suddenly swim and his heart give a leap in his bosom as he saw one of the policemen beneath him extending a pistol towards him? Why? For in the wild life he had led, he had been in many perilous situations, where pulse and nerve had been steadly.

tions, where passessesses,
Without pausing, he yet saw the figure of the woman who had just been in his arms rush forward and fing itself on the policeman's arm, and the plated discharged harmlessly into the

Tom! For Heaven's sake! The

The two engineers were about to meet.

No time for thought—no time for anything! He flung himself over the separating plank tetween the two tracks, and stunned and confused for almost the first time in bis life, he dropped prone upon his face and clung desperately with his hands until his of the blue! from the camp and th

desperately with his hands until his finger-nails seemed to burst, and drops of blood oozed from the sides of them. It was in vain he might have told himself that in reality the cars could not touch him there. The trains thundered over with a demoniac rush and roar like the voices of monsters. His hair—his hat had long since been lost—rose from his head as if lashed upward by a furious wind, and his face, save for the glaring protruding eyes, was livid like the face of the dead.

He had a sensation in his ears like

ing eyes, was livid like the face of the dead.

He had a sensation in his ears like that, perhaps, which the diver first feels when he descends into the sea—as of something snapping and bursting.

The man thought that his brain had turned—that he never should be able to think again.

When the trains had gone on, after a moment, he knew that he was alive—that his mind resumed its sway, confusedly, though, at first.

He lay perfectly still; and in a moment he began to wonder what he should next do to escape pursuit.

"Why not let them shoot me?" he asked in a whisper. "If it were not for Kate, I think I would. If it were not for Kate, I think I would. If it were not for Kate, I think I would. If it were not for he, my life would not be worth the fight."

The thought of the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, roused him still more. But still he could think of no expedient. He was still at his wit's end. The moment he moved and showed himself again, he would be liable to be shot.

While he lay thus, a penetrating but restrained voice from directly below him came to his hearing:

"Tom, are you alive?"

"Here I am, Kate," he replied in the same voice.

"Can't you crawl up to the next sta-

"here I am, kate," he replied in the same voice.

"Can't you crawl up to the next station, get off and swim the Harlem to Ned Stover's? They think you are working down toward New York, and I will try to let them. Only one of 'em has gone up to watch where you'll get off Harlem way, and if you see him, you must manage him—no matter how." "All right."

The woman's voice was dreadful in its pathos, but she only said: "Good-byc, Tom!"

Then he could see her moving away in the direction of New York.

He did not rise to his feet, for he feared he would be seen; but all his energy and acuteness of mind came to him. him.

He crawled on to one of the rails, and worked himself along with an incredible rapidity, almost as a snake glides.

His trained muscles served him well now. Thus moving, he could not be seen at all from below, and he trusted entirely to his feeling the vibration of a coming train for his knowledge of that impending danger.

It was his intention to go near to the next station, and then to descend to the ground as he had mounted—a comparatively easy thing to do.

He slipped through one of the openings and swung himself out on to the nearest post; the next minute he was on the ground, and he saw the river gleaming beneath the city's lights a few rods away.

He straightened himself for one deep breath before he should dart forward across the space between him and the river.

"There is no one near," he muttered, and put out his foot for the start.
At that instant a hand was laid on his shoulder, and an exulting voice

his shouses, said:

"You're my man!"

Tom turned, quick as a panther turns, and struck up the pistol in the officer's other hand, flung himself at the man's throat, and bore him down to the ground from sheer suddenness

In vain the officer tried to strike out. Giving him one last twist of the fingers in the throat, Tom left the man sense-less and sprang down towards the

less and sprang down towards the river.

He was half-way across it before the officer came to his senses enough to sit up and stare about him.

The policeman was one who rarely let any one escape him. Angry, more resolved than ever, he rose to his feet, and plunged along in the direction of the river, shrewdly guessing that in that way the fugitive would go. His pistol was gone. He had only his club at his belt.

Reaching the shore and peering forward, the glitter of gaslights revealed the wet and shining head of a man moving towards the opposite shore.

The officer threw off his hat and coat, and jumped as far out as he could into the water. He did not hear the splash that sounded from the water almost as soon as he began to swim. He did not him with him with him with him.

the water. He did not hear the splash that sounded from the water almost as soon as he began to swim. He did not see the form that pursued him with the movements that told his pursuer was an experienced swimmer, while he himself was a bungling one by comparison.

All at once he felt his arms pinioned by an embrace so close that both immediately began to sink.

It was Kate, who had succeeded in following, for she knew that near here would come the decisive moment of the pursuit. If Tom could only reach Ned Stover's, there was a place of concealment there which, she believed, could not be discovered.

Furious at being 'thus detained, the officer made a desperate effort to shake off the incubus that held him.

He put forth his strength and tore himself from her arms.

As he did so, an irresistible impulse made the woman cry out in an agony of pleading and terror, the one name

As he did so, an irresistible impulso made the woman cry out in an agony of pleading and terror, the one name ever in her heart: "Tom, Tom, beware!"

The cry sounded over the flowing of the river.

It seemed to the man who heard it, and who was just scrambling up the bank, as if it were a cry for help, and he turned and dashed again into the water. water.

The moment the woman had spoken

thus, the policeman gave her a swift blow in the chest, and she sank back helpless. As for Tom, he had lost all thought of himself.

As for Tom, he had lost all thought of himself.

He only knew that he had heard that cry in the beloved voice, and that he cared for nothing but to reach Kate, and he knew instinctively how she came to be in the river.

He knew also that she could swim remarkably well.

Now again he encountered the policeman. He could not lose one moment.

"Follow me; do what you please!" he exclaimed; "but, for Heaven's sake, let me save her! I swear I will give myself up immediately after."

The officer knew that the man meant what he said. He contented himself with saying: "All right," and then swimming to the shore, and running up and down on the bank to get warm, he watched the head of the man whom he meant to arrest.

In a few moments Tom reached the shore, and he bore on his arm a dripping limp figure, the head hanging back in that dreadful way which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Tom sank on his knees, and fell to

WIT AND HUMOR.

rubbing the woman's hands in a dazed sort of way.

"Haven't you any brandy—any-thing?" he asked huskily.

"No. There was a flask in my coat, but that's on the other side," said the officer, and he bent lower, and said in a different voice, "It's no good. She is dead."

Tom uttered a cry which, hardened as he was, the officer could never forget. Then he dropped himself down on the ground beside the body of Kate, kissing her cold face with passionate tenderness, murmuring words of love, reproaching himself, wailing with an intensity and abandon which were terrible to hear.

"Come, come," said the policeman at last, stooping and touching Tom's shoulder. "It's what we've all got to go through."

Tom shook off the man's hand, but he rose to his feet and said:

"I'm ready to go with you."

"I'll send somebody to look after her," said the officer.

The two walked away. They had gone only a few rods, when Tom suddenly paused, and cried out:

"It's no use!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket and touched his pistol, but at the same moment remembered that it had been in the water.

He was silent after that, until they

moment remembered that it had been in the water.

He was silent after that, until they had crossed the bridge and mounted to the station of the elevated railway. There was a train coming. He looked at the policeman wildly, and exclaimed again:

at the policeman wildly, and exclaimed again:

"I tell you it's no use!"

Breaking away from the detaining hand, he flung himself forward directly before the engine which had not yet reached its stopping place.

Impossible now to stop it; the two or three bystanders held their breath with sickening awe.

Then it was all over.

Was Tom with the woman whom he loved, and who had lost her life in trying to save him?

The policeman, in telling of all this, could not help saying at the end:

"I can't believe the fellow ever did a murder. You know that was why we were after him. They say it was a drunken brawl, and I believe it. But I tell you he loved that woman!" They Didn't.

They Didn't.

An ignorant looking man with a good deal of money was showing himself and his boodle about our streets in a manner calculated to attract social sharks the other day, when a couple of young gamblers got hold of him, and asked him if he didn't feel like having a nice, quiet little game. He replied: "Wall, I dunno. I reckon f mought jes' as well pull yer leg for a little more skads, as not." They winked at each other and led him to their lair, when they all sat down at the table and one of the boys dealt the cards. He had packed the deck in such a way that he knew if the countryman should cut about in the middle, his partner would get four aces, but the countryman did not cut at all, and the deal gave him four kings and a queen, while four nines were in the hands of the dealer, and the partner of the dealer held three queens and a jack. "How much air four sevens worth?" queried the countryman.

Both the gamblers said it was a good hand, and he pulled out a big roll of money and began to bet liberally. They finally got the wager up as high as they could go with the funds at hands, and they called him, when he laid down his hand and raked in all the money in sight.

"Yer can't play my game as well as I kin. I've been runnin' a monte ranch in Texas nigh onto twelve y'ar, an' I reckin yer hit the wrong chap."

—Through Mail.

To be Kept Alive.

To be Kept Alive.

A peasant, whose father was taken suddenly ill, started off to the cure's house late at night, and remained at the door nearly three hours, knocking every now and then so gently that no-body heard him. When the priest at length came down. "What are you here for?" he asked. "And why did you not knock louder?" "My father was dying when i left him," was the reply, "but I did not like to disturb you." "Then he must be dead by this time," observed the cure, "and it is too late for me to be of any use." "O, no, monsieur, not at all," eagerly answered the visitor; "my neighbor. Pierrot, promised me faithfully that he would keep him alive until you came."—All the Yerr Round.

Mrs. Jobbleswizzle was looking over some insurance statistics, and noticing the difference between the summer and winter reports, she said to her hus-

uu: "Jobbleswizzle. I see by these figures "Jobbleswizzie, I see by these figures that there are much greater losses by fire in winter than in summer. Can you tell me why?"

"I presume, my love, it is because there are more fires in winter than in

white are more are six whete take as summer."

"Of course, smarty," she answered in a vexed tone, "I am aware of that, but why are there more?"

"Because, love, you know it is too warm in summer to have fires. Have you kept house all this time and didn't know that?"

Mrs. J. did not appear quite satisfied with the explanation, and she silently scratched her dome of thought.—Merchant Traveler.

Too Familiar. Mr. Hacklin went into an unhealth-ful neighborhood and started a news-paper. Several months afterwards he was seen in the vicinity of his former residence.

"Hello!" said a friend, "back so soon?"

"Yes, I got restless."

"Didn't like the neighborhood?"

"Not after the people became too familiar. I had not been there long until it became evident that I would not like the place. I did not mind them shooting at me every time I went out of the office, and I even tolerated their habit of blazing away at me when I'd stick my head out of the window, but when they fell into the habit of climbing on the house-top and shooting down the chimney, why I became diagusted at such familiarity."—Arkansaw Traveler.

The great danger of trifling with electric wires was illustrated the other day at Bridgeport, Ct., in a shocking manner. A number of boys had been in a habit of throwing pieces of wire over the telegraph and electric light wire in order to enjoy a slight electric shock. One evening recently, a piece of wire, unknown to the boys, and with a danger of which they had no knowledge, out through the insulating covering of the electric light wire, and was thus in direct contact with the latter. One boy then touched the wire and received a shock which knocked him down, but did not seem to hurt him. Another lad ventured and the shock killed him. The lesson of the incident is equally obvious to parents and to children.

There is compinint over the scarcity of money in London, and yet in the august Court of Chancery \$360,000,000 lies idle under the ban of the law, awaiting proper heirs.

At a reception a young lady accident ally set her back hair on fire. When it was extinguished she said she was glad it wasn't her best.

it wasn't fier best.

A little child's foot "went to sleep," as the expression goes. She tried to walk, but couldn't, and said: "Papa, I can't walk, my foot is so dizz."

"John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic," gruffly answered John.

when a young girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's necktie it is an infallible zign of something more serious than sisterly regard.

Young lady (in the drawing-room)—
"Just listen. I can hear the gentlemer
laughing. I believe they tell their good
stories directly we're out of the diningroom." Experienced and rather severe matron—"Good stories, dear! No,
"good is not the word."

room." Experienced and rather severe matron.—"Good stories, dear! No. 'good is not the word."

"Do look at that young couple!" whispered Mr. Bass. "Anybody would know they were just married. How silly he acts, and right before folks, too!" "Don't be too hard on the poor fellow," replied Mrs. Bass; "he probably hasn't anybody else to make love to just at present."

"Do people know each other in heaven, papa?" asked little Dick. "Yes, my son. Why do you sak?" "My dear fellow," was the deprecating reply, "I don't operate on the natives; I operate on New Yorkers who are strongh here on their way to summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" "No, I don't. I mean New Yorkers who are summering in the neighborhood?" to it day before yesterday and took the hook and batt wriggling in the eity. Plenty of fools rise to it. One fool rose to it day before yesterday and took the hook so well that I expect to land him right here.

Graphic.

"I'll bet a dollar that fellow wants to run as a candidate for the Legislature," said an old gentleman who has an office on Church street, as he looked after a breezy young man who had just left him. "I're met him every day for the past five years and his only salutation was a nod, but recently he has been shaking lands with me and giving me some information about the weather."

ing me some information about the weather."

Mrs. Judge Carpenter made arrangements to hire a colored lady to do the cooking, or at least she thought as the had made arrangements, but she was mistaken. "I do my own marketing, and I shall expect you to accompany me," said Mrs. Carpenter. "Den we can't agree. I nebber allows myself ter be seen on de streets in company wid anybody who carries a basket."—
Texas Siftings.

"Does Dr.——live here?" "Yes," was the reply, "what do you want?" "I have an encyclopedia for him in my wagon, "said the young man, "and would like to leave it." "Is it a big one?" asked the lady. "Yes," was the reply. "Well," she murmured, "I don't know what the Doctor bought the thing for. I am sure he will never learn how to ride it. And a big one, too. Well, well some men are fools.

—Cleveland Leader.

Herbert Spencer says that "if the least congraguances avists in the What." "Pretty, isn't she? I've sent half a

Coo. Well, well some men are tools.—

Cleveland Leader.

Herbert Spencer says that "if the latent consciousness exists in the What Is, then the contradiction of the Not is relatively the same as the non-existant Whichness." Perhaps, after all, it was not Herbert Spencer who said it. Come to read the paragraph over slowly, it appears considerably more lucid than the utterances of Mr. Spencer. The author of the sentence might be Jo Cook. Or perhaps we dreamed it. Anyhow it seems plausitle enough.—

Binghamion Republican.

A young New York woman fell from a steamer's gang-plank at Dooney Is-land, Sanday, into the water. A boat-hand plunged in and rescued her after hand plunged in and rescued her after a sharp struggle. "You have had a pretty close shave, Miss," said the deck-hand, as the dripping couple clambered up on the pier. "Yes, but where is my fan?" said the young woman, with animation. "I don't know. Did you have a fan?" said the deck-hand, carelessly. "Yes, I did, and paid \$1.75 for it, and I believe that you knocked it out of my hand when you grabbed me in the water. I don't see why men are always so clums,"

"I always thought Jane would do

laid the letter she had been reading on her lap, and wiped her spectacles with the corner of her apron. "She said she would never marry a poor man, and she kept her word." "Indeed," said Mrs. Nearneighbor, "she has made a good match, then?" "She has that. Her last words to me when she left home to visit her aunt in Chicago were: 'Mother, the man I marry must have wealth. or be in a position to accumulate it rapidly. I well remember the words." "She has married a wealthy man, then?" "He's not exactly wealthy yet, but he's making a fortune rapidly." "What is he? a baker or a broker, or what?" "He is the porter of a Pullman car."—Somerville Journal.

Yesterday several gentlemen met in

what "He is the poter of a rall-man car."—Somerville Journal.

Yesterday several gentlemen met in a wine-room up-town, among them being one who had lived here years ago, but is now a non-resident. While they were conversing a well-known Judge of one of the courts stepped in, and a friend introduced him to the returned Sacramentoan. The latter remarked that the introduction was entirely unnecessary, as he and the Judge were old acquaintances. One suggested, "Perhaps you have been before the Judge some time in the past." "Oh, no," was the reply, "but the Judge has been before me many a time." "How's that?" was the immediate query. "Well, you see, I used to be barkeeper in the Crescent City." The Judge paid for a bottle of wine and the conversation changed.—
Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

wine and the conversation changed.—
Sacramento (Cal.) Union.

We think it is Dean Ramsey who tells a story of a Scotch Episcopal congregation who, like many of their countrymen, were attended in church by their sheep dogs. These sagacious animals learned to know that the rising of the congregation at the concluding sentence of the sermon was a token of the speedy conclusion of the service, and at this moment were wont to indulge in indecorous barks of delight to the scandal of their worthy owners. On one occasion a stranger was to preach, and the congregation laid their plans accordingly. The preacher concluded his address with the usual words, but not a soul in the congregation rose to his feet. Noting the minister's look of surprise, an old shepherd remarked in a stage whisper, "Say awa", sir, we're only sitting still to cheat the dogs."—London Globe.

To all wearers of false teeth the news

To all wearers of false teeth the news of the recent fashion set by a Chicago society lady will be extremely welcome. This lady has an entire set of false upper teeth, and she neither conceals the fact nor pretends that they are preferable to real teeth. She is also near-sighted, and wears suspended to a hook on the northwest summit of her dress a pair of neat eye-glasses, which she puts on whenever she wishes to look at anything. Some time ago it occurred to her that it would be a part of common sense to use her teeth only when she desired to talk or eat. Accordingly, she now carries them suspended by a cord around her neek. When she meets a friend she lirst puts on her eye-glasses and looks at him, and then puts in her teeth and indulges

When a young girl begins to take an interest in the arrangement of a young man's necktie it is an infallible sign of something more serious than sisterly regard.

There are many and various ways of becoming a man of mark; but the easiest and most effectual way is to lean up against some newly painted railings.

One of the sufferers by a late railway accident was rushing wildly about, when some one asked him if he was hurt. "No," he said, "but I can't find my umbrella."

Young lady (in the drawing-room)—"Just.listen. I can hear the gontlemer laughing. I believe they tell their good stories directly we're out of the dining-room." Experienced and rather severe matron—"Good stories, dear! No, 'good is not the word."

"You've just hit it. And being Eloise is very remunerative. By the way, did you ever see me?" He whisked half a dozen photographs of a jaunty young blonde out of his pocket. "Pretty, isn't she? I've sent half a dozen of them off to New York in the last two days. They always fetch the car fare to enable 'Eloise' to go to New York and have an interview with the party who is willing to assist her to enter upon a histrionic career. The number of generous, open hearted lovers of the art of acting is truly wonderful."

"But what of the ancient you are expecting this evening?" interrupted the reporter.

"Well, he is a rare one. He sent a \$10 bill for 'Eloise' to invest in bonbons and ice-cream, and wrote that he'd be up to-day to have a chat with her at the station between his arrival and the afternoon express down. Irather thought he'd be up on your train, but I think he's on the express that's whistling now."

A moment later the express glided

but I tunk he so have whistling now."

A moment later the express glided into the station. Gradually those who had arrived dispersed. When all was quiet there emerged from the station door an old man, slight in figure, with narrow shoulders and head. He wore specialles, and sucked and paid \$1.76 for it, and I believe that you knocked it out of my hand when you grabbed me in the water. I don't see why men are always so clumsy."

"I always thought Jane would do well," said Mrs. Lookahead, as she laid the letter she had been reading on her lan, and wined her spectacles with took a second pair of spectacies out of a case, adjusted them over the first, and stared so hard at the girl that she noticed him, and gave an impatient toss of the head. The old fellow evidently took it as a signal, as he started to cross the street straight towards her. But he had not gone very far before she made her whip crack in a manner that brought him to a standstill so suddenly that the jar sent his hat flying off. A glistening pate reflected the glory of the evening sun. He was discomfted, and by the time he had picked up his hat the gig was rattling 'around the corner. He grew very red in the face, and as he turned to re-enter the station his lips moved rapidly.

"I bet he'll be caught again," the boss crook said. "My assistant may get him down to the scaside in a couple of weeks."

Mr. Richard Grant White gives the following three examples of English manners at the table:
The late Mr. Abraham Hayward, of London, a confirmed "diner out," being on a visit at Lady Waldegrave's, he at dinner one day exclaimed: "H'm! The same soup for three days! Filthy

stuff, too."
At the table of a lady of distinction in England, Lord A. was a guest. His wife, Lady A., observed that her lord rather ostentatiously did not touch his soup. This struck her as lacking in courtesy to their hostess, so she called across the table with bland and elegant condespension: "Do take some A. it is courtesy to their hostess, so she called across the table with bland and elegant condescension: 'Do take some, A., it is not at all nasty.''

Another English hostess, entertaining at dinner one day a gentleman who had recently come into a title and an estate, thought proper to show his dissatisfaction with the dinner to which he had been bidden, and to call in an aggressive manner for this, that and the other thing, which he got by his hostess' orders. When he came to take his leave, she said, with sufficient distinctnes to be heard by those around her: "Good night, sir. We are happy to have had the honor of seeing you for the first and last time."

The Papuans, says a student of race development, do not know how to start a fire. The Papuans are in blissful ignorance if they only knew it. The highway along which civilization is supposed to have marched is marked highway along which civilization is supposed to have marched is marked by the domestic tragedies that have grown out of fire building or attempts thereat. Among so called civilized people the first thing that breaks the harmony of the household is the question who shall get up and build the fires. The shovel and tongs have been the convenient weapons of settling the dispute, and the surving party has then found an avenging Nemesis in the oil can with which it has sought to encourage the damp kindling wood. If the Papuans know when they are well off they will cling tenaciously to the assurance that ignorance has its compensations.

A. LAMME & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hardware and Furnishing Goods,

Boots and Shoes, Wines, Liquors and Cigars

BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

S. WILLSON.

SUCCESSOR TO

WILLSON & LEWIS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Fancy Grocers Fancy,

Choice Family Supplies a Specialty.

CONSISTING OF EVERYTHING CARRIED IN A

FIRST - CLASS

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN

TO CHOICE FAMILY SUPPLIES.

Our purpose is to handle nothing but first quality goods and prices to suit the times and the advent of railroad transportation. A fair share of Patronage is solicited.

L.S. WILLSON, THOS. LEWIS.